## OTTED NOVELS

THE PINK SUIT CASE by LOUIS JOSEPH BRASSBOWL AUTHOR OF THE GREEN GLADSTONE, THE MAUVE STEAMER TRUNK, THE VIOLET HAT BOX and MANY OTHER ROMANCES OF TRAVELLING CONVENIENCES.

Diversions of a Busted American.

Upon a certain dreary afternoon in the year of grace 1908 the apprehen-sions of Philip Coalyard, Esquire, trav-eling haberdasher for the Neck-Tie sions of Philip Goalyard, Esquire, traveling haberdasher for the Neck-Tie Trust of the United States, were enlivened by the discovery in the Five of Clock Sporting Extra of the London Times that the United States Neck-Tie Trust had got it in the neck financially, and that consequently the three bob and sixpence which he carried in his pocket connoted the sum total of his available cash. To be sure there was tuppence ha penny still undrawn on his letter of credit, but that was hardly enough to settle his bill at the Hotel Stress, to say nothing of paying Hotel Stress, to say nothing of paying for the first class suite which he had ordered reserved for him on the Lusitania, leaving the next morning.

tania, leaving the next morning.

He gazed out over the chimney pots of London and sighed. Dull care had at last come his way, for the latest advices from the seagoers were that the ocean was very wet at this season and walking home was likely to be attended with difficulties which even the here of a modern best called a said had be a tradern best called a said a said best called a said best called a said best called a said a said best called a said best called a said best called a said a said best called a said best called a said best called a said a said best called a said best called a said best called a said a said best called a said best called a said best called a said a sa modern best seller could hardly hope will telegraph to Spentwick," he

This he did, and Spentwick was with



er had seated himself, "I have sent for you to tell you that I am flat broke."
"I am sorry," said Spentwick. "Can
I lend you a few thousands!"
"No." said Coalyard. "you, can't
lend me a cent. That's what I wanted

to say to you—why I have asked you to come to me. 17

Then what can I do for you?" asked Spentwick, tapping the washstand nervously with his frail white thumb. "Nothing," said Philip stubbornly. Spentwick shuddered as he rose. "In that case I will leave you," he "Au revoir until the last chap-

And in a moment he had gone.
"If I had accepted a loan from him

Copyright, 1968, by the New York Herald | there came a soft tapping on his door.
Company—All Rights Reserved. ''It is she,' he murmured under his breath, and then pulling himself to-

breath, and then pulling himself together, his pulse beating madly, he called aloud, "Come in!"

"Oh," he said shortly, as a short, danper little man appeared in the doorway. "It's you, is it?"

"Yes," said the visitor, "it's me."

"Well, Mr. Me," began Philip, "I judge from your appearance, combined with your grammar, that you are the villain of this tale, and I tell you right now I'm going to do you if it takes me four hundred and forty-one pages to do it in."

"That's what we are here for, Mr. Coalyard," said the other. "My name is Almanac, and as you say, I'm the hard case in this romance. I have called to offer to pay you a good sum spot cash to do something for me."

spot cash to do something for me."

"What is you want me to do?"
asked Philip cautiously.

"I don't know," replied Almanac,
stroking his mustache with his five fat
ingers. "The author hasn't told me,
and from what I know about the rest of the tale the exact job I am here to ask you to do is not revoaled anywhere

'In that case," said Philip coldly, "Trefuse."
"That was my understanding of what you would do," observed Almanac. "Having accomplished this much of the plot, I will bid you good afternoon, leaving you time to change your neck-tie for the next chapter."

"The almost the down behind him with

He slammed the door behind him with smart bang of finality, and Philip returned again to his chimney pots.

"I wonder what his game is, anyway." murmured our hero, as his visitor's footsteps died away in the hall. "He's a fat little villain, and somehow or other I find it hard to get interested in bim."

II. 'Some Have Heroines Thrust Upon Them.

Boarding a stolid British lift, Philip descended to the dining room.
"One must eat." he muttered, "and I can pay for this by signing, if the worst comes to the worst, and I cannot borrow a couple of shillings from my future wife, who, this being the second hearter of the second control chapter of this entertaining romance, is about due."

He began to order, and twenty min utes later the waiter, with a happy smile set off to fill it. Philip was going to die game, and his farewell to the Hotel Stress was to be worthy of Lu cullus. Lighting a cigarette, he gared about him. The restaurant was about half full. At first he saw no one who measured up to his ideas of feminine beauty, and he began to fear that an other ten thousand words were to pass without anything happening, but this fear was short-lived, for a second glance about the room revealed the presence at about the room revealed the presence at the far end of a tall, slender woman of aristocratic bearing suggestive of a daughter of a Christy Girl and one of Dana Gibson's nine-footed male illustra-tions to a Dick Davis novel.

A pang of joy shot through him.

"By Jove!" he cried. "If she's the frontispiece, I'm on the job!"

The waiter set a tureen before him.

and a moment later he was deep in the consomme. Nevertheless, absorbing as the labor of eating his soup was, those beautiful eyes haunted him and it was observed that the laby was dining with no less a person than the fat-flingered Almanac, who had left him only an hour

"He's no fit company for a wife of mine." he muttered as the waiter signed Philip as he returned to a contemplation of his chimney pots, "this story would have stopped right here and I would never have met my future wife."

But the initiative was not left for a white of an interest and interes Hardly had his reflection begun when Philip, for in a few moments Almanac

arose from his table and possitive upon him.

"Mr. Coalyard," said he, "I have just received word from Scotland Yard that a detective will call upon me in fifteen minutes to take me into custody. Now, my daughter over there thinks I was a Baptist missionary home on vacation as a Baptist missi fifteen minutes to take me into custody.

fifteen minutes to take me into custody.

Now, my daughter over there thinks I
am a Baptist missionary home on vacation, and it would be a great shock to
her to discover that in reality I am
nothing but a fat villain in a shilling
shocker.

"Naturally," said Philip. "Have a

"All right," said Philip, tossing the
driver a copper which he had polished

"Naturally, Said Phinp. Have a shrimp,"
"No, thank you," said Almanae. "I dined before I left home. Now what I want you to do is to escort my daughter home, while I sneak out the back door.

home, while I sneak out the back door. You've got to marry her anyway, and I don't see why you shouldn't accept some of your responsibilities in advance.'

'Have you paid for your dinner?' asked Philip, cautiously.

Almanac reddened. 'You Americans are so d—d commercial,' he ejaculated. 'No, I haven't,' he added. 'Can't you sign for it? You have an account here.'

'All right,' said Philip, glancing at the girl. 'It's a mean man that won't blow his future wife's family to a two-shilling table d'hote, especially when it only costs him an autograph. What's

shilling table d'hote, especially when it only costs him an autograph. What's the lady's name?' "Dorothy Almanac at this stage of the game," returned the villain. "I'll bring her over and introduce her, and you can start along right away." "But I haven't finished my dinner," protested Philip.
"That's all right, I'll finish it for you," said Almanac.

THEY HAD LANDED

You forget, dear Philip, that this is only page forty-five."

What Philip would have replied I do not know, for at this moment they were

interrupted by the cabby's voice through the little hole in the roof of

the cab. "H'i forgot to arak you where to,

"Number thirty-seven Thrognall Gar-

protested Philip.

'That's all right, I'll finish it for you,'' said Almanae.

Ten minutes later Philip Coalyard and his future wife were riding up Piccadilly in a hansom cab together.

'My own!' he cried, passionately, folding her to his breast.

'Not yet, dearest,'' said the girl, removing his arm from her shoulder.

'Not yet. This doesn't happen until the four hundred and fortieth page.

Iooking man at the keyhole of No. 37 by the throat.

'What do you mean by dogging my future wife's footsteps?'' he demanded as he threw the other over his shoulder into the gutter.

'I have come for the pink suit case.'' replied the intruder.

'Well, I don't know anything about that,'' retorted Philip. 'Come back tomorrow.'' and entering the house he slammed the door violently behind him.

REING A SERIES OF CANNED LITERATURE SELECTED FROM AMONG THE WORLD'S QUICKEST SELLERS. PUT UP IN SLICES FOR HURRIED READERS -- EDITED BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

driver a copper which he had polished so brightly as they sped on their way that in the dark it resembled a sovereign. "You may keep the change." eign. "You may keep the ..." Heaven bless your bonor," said the

"Heaven bless your honor," said the cabby, driving off.
"Don't mention it," said Philip.
"There are times when it is more blessed to give than to receive."

He turned to rejoin Dorothy, who had disappeared into one of the houses, but which one he knew not. and, worst of all, he had forgotten whether the number was 37 or 39. Moreover, as he looked, even now a dark, villainous-looking man was fumbling at the keyhole of No. 37!

III.

No. 37 Thregnall Gardens, Etc.

Coalyard was a man of quick de-cision, having served a term as a pro-fessional baseball umpire at home, and in a moment he had the dark villainous looking man at the keyhole of No. 37

Within all was still as death. The house was permeated by a dank, musty odor that convinced Philip that he had hit upon the right place. "It smells like all six of the six best cellars," he chuckled to himself.

His reflections were interrupted by a rustling sound upon the staircase, and he thought he heard the muffled sound of a rustling petticoat, but the impene-

But his search was unavailing, for the fixtures had all been removed.

"At any rate I can light a match," he thought, and in a moment he had done so, mounting the stairs three steps at a time as he scratched it on his bootheel. The dull flicker of the light ed match east gloomy shadows over all, but there was illumination enough for Philip to read in great letters, written on the mirror of the bedroom in which he now found himself, with a cake of soap, a message from her.

"Dearest," he read. "I have secured the pink suitcase, but my father has abducted me. He is taking me to Antwerp on a gasolene bark, sailing from "That will be three

werp on a gasolene bark, sailing from the foot of Battersea bridge at mid-night. Follow in a rowboat, if you love me, at any cost. My Antwerp ad-dress will be the Hotel de Bizz, and I will await you there. Your affectionate flances. Dorothy fiances, Dorothy.

"PS. — If you can't find a rewboat hire a yacht. They're going cheap these

An Awakening.

The next morning Philip awoke, and as he thought over the events of the night before and how he had balked at a critical moment in the novel of which of a rustling petticoat, but the impenetrable darkness of the house made it impossible for him to see what was going on. "I must find the gas jet," he murmured, feeling along the ceiling for the fixture. "There is plenty of gas in this novel, and the thing to do is to make it useful."

But his search was unavailing, for the fixtures had all been removed.

"At any rate I can light a match."

failure to carry out his agreement with the author, however, weighed little on his conscience—it was Dorothy of whom he was thinking. She was too helpless, too beautiful, to be left stranded in Antwerp without a protector.

"I don't give a hoot for Brassbowl," he said to himself, returning as usual to his faithful chimney pots. "An author who involves a hero in a \$500 job with three thirty-cent pieces in his procket deserves no consideration; but

with three thirty-cent pieces in his pocket, deserves no consideration; but my future wife, she is another story,

Filled with thoughts such as these Philip went to the cable office and dis-patched a message to Dorothy at the Hotel de Bizz, Antwerp. It read as

They will give us credit. Do not delay. Funds are getting low and Stress wants bill paid. Your loving flance, Philip. "That will be three pounds eight," said the cable operator.
"Send it collect," said Philip.

"How did you ever happen to pick out such a rotten father, sweetheart?" Philip asked as he bestowed Dorothy in the hansom cab at the pier the next

said. "I tried to sell it, dear, but when we came to open it there was nothing in it but one boiled shirt and one of popper's unpaid laundry bills. They said it wasn't worth anything."

"I guess they were right," said Philip. "And that being the case, we'll let it stay where it is. I can pass the check off for two shillings in the dark, so we're that much in. To St. George's," he added, addressing the cabby.

In a moment the happy pair, reunited, were bowling along High Holborn in blissful unconsciousness that behind them, coming along at a furious rate.

them, coming along at a furious rate, was an automobile in which were none others than Dorothy's irate father and

one of his confederates.

It was Dorothy who first observed that they were being pursued.

'Philip,' she cried, 'they are after

"Let 'em come," said Philip, grimly, as leaning forward he grasped the reius and belabored the tired horse with his umbrella. "They cannot foil me now. Gid up!"

The horse, spurred into renewed activity, sped onward like the wind, but the deep-toned clanging of the angry motor behind gained slowly but surely upon

them.
"We are lost!" cried Dorothy.
"Never!" cried Philip, though the
facts belied his words, for even now the hot gasoline breath of the panting auto-mobile scorched the hind wheels of the speeding hansom, and then all was over! In turning the corner of Craven street Philip miscalculated the distance between his inner wheel and a hydrant. The wheel caught, the hansom stopped suddenly short and, like a catapult, hurled the two young people over the dashboard through the parlor windows of a residence on the other side of the

street. "Why, how are you, Philip?" said a

They had landed in his drawing

he had promised to be the hero, he was far from comfortable in his mind. His failure to carry out his agreement with

"Sell pink sultcase and return at once. Will meet you at the pier. We can be married at once at St. George's.

An Unexpected Reunion.

day.

''You'll have to rsk mommer,'' replied the girl. ''I got him ready made.
dear.''

''And who is your mother!'' asked 'And who is your mother?'' asked

Philip.

"That, 'said the girl. "I never knew.
Popper never speaks of the lady, and
I don't like to be inquisitive."

She handed him a brass cheek.
"That's for the pink suit case," she
said. "I tried to sell it, dear, but when

piano.

"Spentwick!" cried Philip, rubbing fee. Philip?"

his eyes in amazement. "You?"

It was none other than Coalyard's brass check."

check!" echoed

"And who is this very charming young lady?" asked Spentwick, assisting Dorothy to rise.

"My future wife," said I It was Spentwick's turn to i

Dorothy Almanac!" he gasted

"Dorothy Almanae!" he gasped to tering backward.
"Yes," said Philip. "Do you he her?"
"Yes, Philip Coalyard," said spe-wick, folding the trembling girl in arms, "she is my daughter!,"
"Father!" cried Dorothy, and he moment she was weeping tired a upon her father's bosom.

Run to Earth. "What is it, James?" asked &p wick an hour later as the buller tered the room. "There's a gentleman with in fingers at the door, sir," said the

ler. "Almanac" whispered Philip b

ly. What does he want?"

"The pink suitease," returned

butler.

"You are a member of the pear formed detective force of Scale Yard, are you not. James!" in Spentwick calmly.

"Yes, sir," said the butler.

"Then. James, you may take it man at the door with the five fit gers to the Yard. He is the man have been looking for."

"Diamond Bill, the Laundry Bear cried the detective.

"The same," said Spentwick "fit you I would land him for you are have kept my promise."

The detective left the room, as moment later muffled curses at the fit door showed that Almanae had at been run to earth. been run to earth.

> VII. . Journey's End.

The merry party had returned St. George's. They had gone three in number, but returned



two, for Dorothy Spentwick, form Almanac, and Philip Coslyard had made one.

made one.

"Do you remember, Philip dear, at the beginning of this story I moved your arm from around neck?" "Yes," he answered
"Well, Philip, you may put it
again now. We have reached
441." said the girl, her fair es

mounting with a rosy blush. By a short cut, ' laughed Pl "By the way," said Spentwick you give the officiating clergy fee, Philip?"

1. Ver " said Philip "I gave

"A brass check?" echoed

'The pink suitcase,' said Phil THE END.

## THE DAY OF HIS JUDGMENT

= BY GERTRUDE MAJOR =

"The way of peace they know not; and great glory for her in the day, now fast that he was must be many times approaching, when the king was to appear to reward the righteous."

The way of peace they know not; and great glory for her in the day, now fast that he was must be many times approaching, when the king was to appear to reward the righteous. there is no judgment in their goings; they have made them crooked paths; whoso-ever goeth therein shall not know peace." Sth verse, 56th chapter of Isalah.

In a tumble down, decaying house, which looks down on the river Jordan, winding like a soiled gray ribbon at the concrete me, here, now, it is terrible; most of usall would relinquish the almost corrain light of a hard won heaven for the dark of a lost earth when white-trimmed tops embroider the sky, lived Grandma West, and Sister Millie and Auntie May, and for the present (because she had nowhere else to go), Sylvia Smith.

Sylvia was a newcomer in Zion She had come with a party from Australia, converted to the faith by the algorouse. In a tumble-down, decaying house,

had come with a party from Australia, converted to the faith by the eloquence of a well-favored young missionary. She had been imbibing the teachings and enjoying the companiouship of the chosen for less than a year, when on this day, as on many a weary one pre cading, she tossed feverishly on grand-ma's best bed and prayed monotonous-

ly and hopelessly for death.
Somewhere, before the Book of Mormon and the Doctrine and Covenants had become her entire literary diet, and she had learned how sufficient for all mental and spiritual needs were these mental and spiritual needs were these inspired volumes, Sylvia had read that with honor all was lost, and odd as it seemed, her honor seemed to be regarded as lost, although she had only poured the red of the stain of shame over the white of her virgin soul in response to a revelation from God himself to one of his favored followers, a man who had stood at the belm of the saintly craft of Mormonism for so long that his hair was snow-white in the that his hair was snow-white in the service, at the time the Lord had given him the vision of Sylvia Smith. He had hastened to the factory, where his influence had obtained for her a position at six dollars a week (less, of course, the tithing, which the faithful

vation pass and stayed far away from Zion. Especially and more ardently did she wish these wicked things after the bishop, being as it were a very tool un-der the thumb of the spirit, got a call which took him on some missionary work in England, and she was thrown

her position. out of her position.

This is a strange world, and Sylvia soon found that no one else seemed to know anything about the bishop's revelation, and although she had only followed the expressed desire of the Al-mighty, not one door was open to her. Even in Zion, which, you know, is the of the holiest men seemed able to then all, and it was not until she found refuge with Grandma, who, if you will believe, was one of the bishop's first wives, did the poor girl find so much as a place to lay her head.

The whole affair might so easily have been hushed up (so many are) had Sylvia had the common decency to accuse some already lost Gentile, instead of insisting that it was the good old bishop who was responsible for her prospective halo of motherhood.

Now, sacrifice is a strange thing, as his Master—as expressed to his seer long as it is in the abstract, how we and revelator, Joseph Smith—that he glory in it; but when it comes down to had long lost count of the number,

He had not seen Grandma for a score years, and between the two was a trifling matter, still unadjusted, that whenever he was forced to think of it,

caused a warm feeling amound his col lar, most uncomfortable. But Sylvia, with the lack of consideration for his feelings which she had showed from the very first, had given birth to a child a day before he reached Zion from abroad, and so taking ad-cantage of the way her sex is favored, since the invasion of the godless Gen-tiles, insisted that she could not go to the bishop and that the bishop must

come to her. And there was nothing else for him to do. Sister Millie and Auntie May both worked in the factory, for a mean pit-tance of wage and the reward of virtue.

worked in the latesty, as the stance of wage and the reward of virtue. Grandma knit countless socks and mittens, this being almost the only remunerative work her rheumatic old hands were capable of doing.

While Grandma knit she thought, and while she thought she often cried. She did today, as she sat where she could get the light from the window and rock the little baby in the cradle. The cradle, a clumsy, homemade affair of wood, was the same that had held Grandma's brood of children, and Sister Millie's and Auntie May's, and now, this strange, white faced girl's. The children were all the bishops, and Grandma had rocked them all, just as she was rocking this, knitting, and

that she had all the trouble there was worth crying about, and she wondered that a woman as old as Grandma should care enough about anything to cry about it, that she continued to do so, patiently and helplessly began to irritate the girl past endurance.

'You don't need to fret none about me,' she said, nugraciously. 'I can

stand what I have to without sympathy Grandma smiled, and wiped her cheek with the leg of the sock she was knit-ting. "We can all do that, honey," said, stooping down and smoothing covers over the sleeping baby, "we can all bear our own sorrow, but some-

mes it seems we caint another's.
"I hope you wasn't crying for n a note of appeal thrilling through the bravado of her voice.
"No, not for you," Grandma said, but for my husband.

"but for my husband."
The girl raised herself on one thin, sharp elbow. "For that lying old scoundrel!" she cried.
That is just what she called the bishop, and it can not be pleaded in extenuation that she was delirious, she knew what she said, and Grandma knew what she meant, for she answered quietly "No not for the hishop, but

quietly, "No, not for the bishop, but for my own husband." "Your what?" the girl asked, momentarily interested in other affairs than her own.
"My own husband," Grandma re-peated, musingly. "The man I loved and who loved me. We were married

in Missouri, and came here to Salt Lake after we were converted to the faith."

"Did he die!" the girl asked, as
Grandma paused and counted in a half
whisper as she "turned" the heel of "I thought he did," she answered,

"although they tried to make me think he had descried me, as though I'd believe that! But he didn't come home one night to supper, and I could learn nothing for days. I was almost wild when bishop came to see me and said he had had a revellation from food that he had had a revelation from God that he was to take me to wife."

"Why, that's just what the old skunk told me," the girl cried excited-

Grandma laughed. Her laugh needed

collected from her employers, to save collected from her employers, to save the fromble of counting it out). A great system, the tithing, and one which has ever the fascination of mystery as to what becomes of it.

The bishop sterned from her work to specific to that Go had mirrored her face on the great with a fast beating heart to the fast that Go had mirrored her face on the Lord, and that man is spiritual lense which has showed his servant, and that the revelation meant.

but she and Susie held me down, and she said, 'taint no use to struggle against the church, Lida. My man told me that they had kept him out of the way till bishop got you, and if you

go to acting up, why, they will put him out of the way to stay put. What bishop wants, he gets.''.

The old lady's bands were trembling so that her knitting needles kept up a little click as they hit against each other. The girl, forgetting her weak-ness, raised herself again on her elbow "The devils!" she screamed, "I'd-

"The devils!" she screamed, "I'd—
I'd—"
"No, you wouldn't," Grandma interrupted her. The baby cried, and she
put her knitting down on the window
sill, and stooping over, picked it up in
her mothering old arms, soothing it
with little mouthing coos. "You
couldn't a done more than I could,"
she went on. I got down on my knees
and begged the bishop, prayed him to
let me go, but he said if I didn't submit to the will of God that they would
take Ralph and—and cut off his ears,
and—oh! pitying God! I can't tell the
horrible threats that he made, until I—
why, I had to submit. I couldn't do
anything else. My only comfort was
that I was saving Ralph suffering, and
that some day, maybe near, maybe far,
that God wayld bring the light. My that some day, maybe near, maybe far, that God would bring the light. My mother used to say that "the Lord wouldn't let that goat's tail grow too long, or it would switch its own eyes out. But it has been long, very long."

What has! "The day of His judgment," she answered, softly.
"Sometimes I have thought that those awful monsters that are described in Revelations, in the Bible, describes

some of the men who used to run things in our church."

The baby began to cry again, and Grandma carried it out in the "leanto," where a concection, intended for its delectation, was brewing on the back of the stove. As she moved about the girl her old quaver, girl heard her singing in a sweet

may say.
I have fought my way through, I have finished The work Thou did st set me to do,"?

"Oh that we in the day of His coming

and on the other by a nervous little man with a red mustache.

Grandma opened the door. The bishop hardly knew her, such a change had the last few years made in her. She looked a woman old in body and broken in spirit. The bishop's momentary scrutiny of her sad old face reassured him; he felt that, after all, he had little to fear from her. As for the girl on the bed—that might take a few greenbacks, but here experience gave him confidence. Of course, he owed it to the fair name of the church to induce her to shift the responsibility to induce her to shift the responsibility of paternity to some Gentile—that was always a success—and, as for squaring himself with the church, well, the bishop knew what he knew. He found the girl stubborn past all

belief. Each generation of women grew worse and harder to control. The bishop had really a bad half hour. The presence of Grandma irritated him dreadfully, too, not that she said any thing, but she was there, and as he knew, it is much harder to control a woman if one of her own sex is prescent, and Grandma's presence was men-acing. He actually sweated before she said a word, and after, well, he got so hot he almost suffocated; but he

had to listen.

The old lady spoke so quietly that any one in the next room would have thought that she was discussing the weather, but she wasn't; she had gone weather, but she wasn't; she had gone back a quarter of a century, and was reminding the bishop of certain matters that he had quite concluded to forget. It was had enough to listen himself, but to see the expressions on the faces of the other listeners was maddening. He felt forced to interpose, "Come, come, Lida," he said, "a jealous woman's tongue is best silent. Supposing you do know some er-mis-

woman's tongue is best silent. Sup-posing you do know some—er—mis-takes I have made long ago, what are you to pass judgment? A body would think you was Christ Himself.'

"Christ's mother was a woman," Grandma answered quietly, "and I aint figured out yet how God would a sent a Savior to the world if there hadn't been a woman to bear Him. sent a Savior to the world if there hadn't been a woman to bear Him. Women has rights, if your church did try to take them away. The reason I have for telling these things before Brother Smith and Brother Baldwin and this last victim of your low lies, is that I want witnesses on both sides: your side and mine."

or send you up for State's keep for rest of your wicked life."

The bishop was plainly terrific looked around as if for a mel escape, and seeing none, dropped shaking knees before the old to make and begged, with tears, for meror shifted the baby from one should the other and looked down on him ly. "Do you mind the time I my knees to you?" she sake nodded miserably.

nodded miserably.

"Give me back my young in and my own life and I'll let you go.

He mumbled despairingly, his shifting eve sought the doors.

"You can't get out that way, old lady said. "There are despations as you make watching every move you ma up off of your knees, you old o A sudden sharp change in her aint going to have you hung ears cut off or your eyes point as you deserve! I'll leave you judgment to the Master. But never going to set foot in the house again. house again; vou are going to from all your business, and I am to pay men, with your money, to every move you make.

"You are going to provide formed May and their children, and this girl here, and you are going to hold this child."

The bishop wrung his hands. "It

The bishop wrong his hands. ruin me, "he whined "The church will excommunical—I'll see to that," went on the old voice. "Taint that you commit adultery, but that you be found out at it. You've been to the control of the control o

out."

The bishop sat down weskly wiped his eves. He looked pite from one to the other. "Aint wany mercy?" he begged amends. I'll give half my moser, don't, for God's sake, disgrace publicly."

"I'm doing what I be for 0

don't, for God's sake, dispublicly."

"I'm doing what I be for 6 sake, "Grandma said inexorabir, a tightening of her shrunka "The general public won't know of this. I aint no publicity experies long as you walk the road into out for you, not so many onlist the church will know that you say your come up ence at last. But forget for a minute that the last are watching you. You can go man will call at your office money we want to start on."

The bishop learned heavily on the of his counselors as he walked on the counselors as he walked on the rickety old gate. He keep he do just as the old woman said he do just as the old woman said he broken and friendless. The day of judgment had come.